

Scandinavia

A MONTHLY REVIEW IN ENGLISH OF SCANDINAVIAN HISTORY, POLITICS, MYTHOLOGY, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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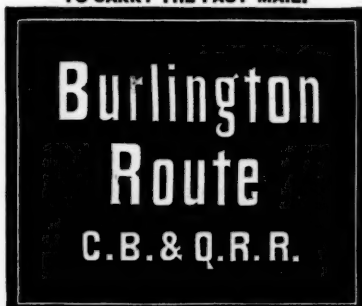
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Scandinavia

VOL. 2.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1885.

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FROM HOME.

SCANDINAVIA has from time to time explained the state of social and political affairs which has necessarily led to the present crisis in Denmark. There is on one hand the classes formed under the absolute government—a university-educated bureaucracy, with some feeble remnants of an aristocracy; on the other, the peasantry, laborers, and yeoman proprietors, now well-to-do, but who were depressed into miserable serfs until the latter part of the last century. The liberal constitution of 1848, which was of the common European pattern, gave the power in the House of Commons, or "Folkething," to the peasants exclusively; while later a differently-organized Upper House, or "Landsting," with a majority of the higher and middle classes, was in sharp opposition to the "Folkething," and without the conciliatory provisions of the Swedish constitution in its provision for common preparatory committees and a joint vote in matters which, like those of the budget, must be decided. We have admitted the innate weakness of both sides. The writer has spent years in fighting the shortcomings of the Danish Peasant Party, or Left; while on the other hand time has proven that he was right, when, ten years ago, at the formation of the cabinet of Mr. Estrup, he refused to follow the government, and, with some remnants of the party of the Center, found himself obliged to join the opposition. The policy of Mr. Estrup has from the beginning been a negative resistance that could in no possibility succeed. The present situation is a sufficient demonstration of the absolute necessity for trying a parliamentary government—a government through the leaders of the majorities in the chambers, and not simply through a cabinet formed from one side of the Upper House. The recent attempt of a Copenhagen compositor to shoot Mr. Estrup is an isolated, unfortunate happening, not in the usual line of Danish character; but there undoubtedly

exists such an increasing bitterness within the parties that it does not leave any other solution possible than a change of persons in the government. On the other hand, it does not give foreigners any true idea of matters in Denmark to compare the situation, for instance, with that in Russia; it is not even up to the Prussian and German model, though the promulgation of the budget not voted by the parliament and several petty prosecutions of some parish officials must be regarded as a distant imitation of the system of Mr. Bismarck. There is still more real liberty in Denmark than in Germany and France, not to speak of countries like Russia. The very fact that men originally liberal and popular—as was Mr. Estrup when he, as an intelligent young landlord, entered into politics, and later, as a member of the cabinet of Count Frijs, together with the "Folkething," planned railroads and harbors in Jutland; as was Mr. Nellemann, the young professor so well versed in old northern and modern English law, with his plans of reforms in the procedure of the absolute monarchy by reverting more or less to juries, to verbal and public proceedings and to proofs by circumstantial evidence—that these men can arrive at the present deadlock and arbitrary oppressive method of government shows the necessity of recurring to the popular means: that of parliamentary government. Berg, the foremost leader of the opposition, who was recently, in one of the lower courts, sentenced to six months' imprisonment because he was thought to have instigated the forcible conduct of a policeman down from the orators' tribune at a public meeting, and who has again been elected president of the "Folkething" by a vote of 74 to 17, and was cheered by the members at the opening of the Rigsdag, is himself actually a pronounced disciple of the very men he is fighting against, and is simply a popular edition of the old liberal publicists now in the other camp. The real differences between the two parties are, at least, very few and indefinite.

But, we repeat, that just this character of the contest—its barrenness in realities and its largely personal nature—demonstrates the necessity of using the old, tried method: the parliamentary system demanded by the Left. Any general liberal movement in Europe would at once oblige the king to give in; he has now used his privilege to prorogue the parliament for two months, and the cabinet might use still other devices; but the final outcome can hardly be doubtful.

* *

There can be no doubt about the progress of democracy in the Scandinavian countries, but it is questionable whether the progress will be entirely salutary. We do not see any great advance in the system of schools, especially in those of the higher branches. It cannot be denied that the so-called "Bonde Højskoler" (Peasant High School), started all over Denmark by the adherents of the late Mr. Grundtvig, and twenty years ago introduced in Norway by two excellent young Norwegian "Grundtvigiens," Messrs. Herman Anker and Arvesen—have exercised a remarkable influence on the younger generation. Still it is a general complaint in Denmark that the pupils from these high schools are not at all the most sober-minded in politics and in social life. And the Norwegian democracy has not yet proven itself the most intelligent part of the nation. There is a general absence in all the countries of true, liberal ideas and practical common sense. Even in Sweden, at the recent indirect elections to the Upper House ("Första Kammaren"), it has not been unusual to meet demands for protective duty on grain, as well as declarations against one of the best institutions of the country, the useful note-issuing private banks. Prominent authors continue to write in an impractical, pessimistic strain. Aug. Strindberg, the radical Swede, pronounces against the present free arrangement of society; and the excellent Norwegian authors, Björnson, Ibsen, Kjelland and Lee, are true forward leaders, but they occupy the same position to the people as Goethe and Schiller once did in Germany; they are not naturally practical statesmen nor leaders in the economic development. We repeat, that nothing would be more healthy in practice or in an intellectual way than a lively connection with the Anglo-Saxon nations, with all their individualism and practical freedom.

* *

Mr. Fischer, late member of the Estrup cabinet, died recently in Denmark. Though honest, intelligent and well educated, he and his position

in the political life was a characteristic example of the national shortcoming. Originally a teacher at a college ("Latinskole") at Slagelse, he entered politics as a demagogical opponent of the old liberals elected by the "peasant friends." Being purely critical it was not unnatural that he later continued his opposition from the Right, instead of from his original standpoint at the Left. That he was made member of the conservative Estrup cabinet shows the lack of capacity so common on that side. That the orthodox clergy bowed before him, a prominent free-thinker, as Minister of Culte, was hardly decent. He was much better in his place in the other branch of his office—that of instruction—but his merits here and as a supporter of some young realistic authors were not appreciated by his own party. It has been said that he ought to have taken the department of finance, in the matters of which he generally occupied a prominent place in the debates of the Upper House. The truth is, however, that he was always wrong in his financial opinions; he was made member of the committee on parliamentary audit probably as a man conversant with arithmetic, while actually he was entirely without knowledge or understanding of financial matters. He was, notwithstanding his good personal qualities, on the whole, an example of the unfortunate national penchant to take negative criticism instead of true insight and positive ideas. That is the tendency which has made the present barren political situation possible.

* *

As we close this review we receive Scandinavian newspapers which contain reports of the debates in the Danish Folkething in regard to the provisional budget and the provisional law forbidding the rifle associations. Members of the party of the Left had introduced these bills for the purpose of killing them at once, while the cabinet refused to recognize their use of the private initiative. Mr. Alberti, an old leader of the Peasant party, declared that the cabinet had created a bad feeling between the king and people; recently at the unveiling of a monument to the late king, Frederick VII, ten thousand Jutlanders refused to uncover their heads when the present king, Christian IX, was spoken of. A Copenhagen socialist, Mr. Hørdum, intimated the possibility of a popular rising. Bishop Monrad, the venerable popular minister of 1848, the framer of the constitution, and war premier in 1864, regretted that the Landsting did not occupy the impartial and mediating position it

had been supposed it would fill as an upper house, and as forming half of the high court of the realm. With great vigor this veteran of Danish liberty declared against the petty political prosecutions, and above everything against the behavior of the cabinet in taking money refused by one of the Things. This was a plain violation of the constitution and a return to the methods of absolute dominion. Bishop Monrad is undoubtedly right. No interpretation allows the government to take away this clear right of the people.

N. C. FREDRIKSEN.

RUNES.

It was the business of the Northmen to do deeds, not to record them. The scribes and monks of later centuries have done that through song and saga. The old unruly vikings themselves had neither the time nor the inclination to trifle with writing materials or books. Yet they loved fame and were studious that their names should not be forgotten or their acts of valor die with them. They turned them into song and story for the long winter nights, and the scald sang them for coming generations. But more than that, they left us an inheritance of a library, as it were, of records, hewn into stone, carved into wood and graven into metal, in their own peculiar script—*Runes*—and scattered them over the then known world. They made Rune inscriptions on rocks by the roadside, on the walls of their tombs, on the hilts and blades of their swords, on their shields, on their spears and arrows, on their rings and bracelets, on coins, tools and on their domestic utensils. Runic inscriptions have been found not only in their northern home countries, but wherever they went in search of booty and adventure; in England, Scotland, Ireland, on the Isle of Man, on the Orkneys, the Faroes, Iceland, in Greenland, in Germany, Russia, Greece, Wallachia, France, Italy—the Northman has left his strong hand-writing wherever he has paid a visit.

The proud marble lion in Venice, which formerly adorned Piræus, the harbor of Athens, but was carried thence as a trophy by the Venetians in the seventeenth century, bears witness to the boldness of some Scandinavian coaster, by a Rune inscription now effaced and illegible.

The Runes, during the times of active vikingry from the North, were especially used for memorial inscriptions chiseled into rocks raised over deceased

persons, not necessarily men of eminence: sons raised ("bauta") stones over fathers, fathers over prematurely deceased sons, kinsman over kinsman, friend over friend, wife over husband, and vice versa, son over mother—nay, over-ambitious men have caused Rune-Rocks to be raised, before death, in their own honor. The general formula of the inscription is: "A set this stone after B, his father"—at times with the name of the person who cut the inscription: "N made these Runes." At other times some particularly great act, or the cause of death, of the deceased is immortalized, and the statement made that A or B had excelled in this or yonder battle or been slain under some certain circumstances or had taken part in one expedition or another. Again, heathen imprecations are added in words as these: "Thor, hallow these Runes," or at a later period some Christian prayer is uttered: "God help his (her) soul," or some dread warning to trespassers: "Cursed be he who disturbs this hill."

Such Rune-Rocks (Bauta-stones) have been found by thousands all over the Scandinavian countries. Great numbers of them in course of time have been destroyed, but many (in Sweden alone, from 1,500 to 2,000) have been preserved, and, as stated, have been found on every coast and in every nook that has been visited by northern vikings.

At the introduction of Christianity in the north the church exhibited the same profitable prudence in respect to the Runes that she generally displayed toward the national heathen institutions and customs with which she came in contact. Instead of crushing them with brute force she conceded the fact of their usefulness and gradually converted them into instruments for her own purposes. So with the Runes. She decorated Christian churches with Runic inscriptions, on their doors and walls, on tombstones, chalices, baptismal fonts, church-bells, crucifixes, etc. Christian kings struck coins inscribed with Runes (Sven Estridsen, Magnus the Good), and thus the Runic alphabet, with additional characters adapted to the Roman letters, kept alive all during the middle age. The Scandinavian folk-songs teem with references to the use of Runes: Runic sorcery, Runic exhortations, Runes to inflame and extinguish love, Runes to bewitch people and cattle, to make dead folks speak, etc. Among the common people the Runes became familiar through the use of a kind of Runic calendar—"Rune-stave" (sticks carved with Runes). Such are mentioned in Sweden down to 1700, and may

their secrets: such men as the German Jacob Grimm; the Danes Rasmus Rask and N. M. Petersen; the Swedes Göransson (Rune-collection "Bautil"), Liljegren ("Runlára," Stockholm, 1831, "Runurkundar," Stockholm, 1832), Geijer and Dübeck; the Norwegians P. A. Munch and Sofus Bugge, the latter living and at full work. So, too, is the Englishman George Stevens, professor at the University of Copenhagen, and a scholar of the younger school, Dr. L. Wimmer, also of Copenhagen. Through the labors and subtle interpretations of these men the mysteries of the Runes are vanishing and the Runic monuments taking their rank as indisputable historical evidence of facts gathered from other more uncertain and traditional sources. It is a parallel case to that of the conical script of the Assyrians and of the hieroglyphical signs of the Egyptians.

Throughout the Norse mythology the Runes take an important part. The word "rún" has the applications of: first, secret; second, knowledge; third, letter—and thus is equivalent to the Greek word "myth." Both words border on the signification of knowledge from occult sources, murmuring, whispering, and whenever the term "Rune" is used apart from its distinct meaning of letter, it involves a sense of the hidden. The knowledge of Runes with our ancient forefathers was not the bare knowledge of the art of practically applying the Runic characters—it was an expression that embraced the sum total of knowledge in heaven and on earth.

The inventor of the "Runes," and the originator of all the mystic knowledge suggested by that term, according to the Edda, was Odin the Old himself. Says he in Havamål:

I know that I hung,
In the wind, on the tree,
Nine long nights,
Wounded by the spear
Given to Odin.
Self unto myself,
Upon the tree
Of whose roots
No one knows
Whence they spring.

Neither did they bring bread,
Nor offer me horn. [to drink of]
Downward I spied,
Runes I found: [in the deep]
Crying [chanting] I found them,
Then I sank.

Nine mighty songs
I learned from Bolthorn,

Bestla's father,*
And a drink I took
Of the precious mead
Out of Odrörer.†

Then I began growing,
Waxing wise,
Increasing and thriving;
Word reared word,
And other words.
Deed reared deed,
And other deeds.

Runes wilt find,
Solved runes,
Full great staves, [combinations of runes]
Full strong staves,
Marked by mighty spokesmen,
Made by the gods,
Carved by the Supreme Spirit.

With these words in the Edda-song is the era of Runes inaugurated among men. Then follow the "nine songs" (of Rune-knowledge) Odin had learned: How to find help against sorrow and suffering; the requirements to practice the art of healing; the method of dulling enemies' swords and confounding their plans; how to stay the flames when the hall burns around you; how to lay the sea and lull the waves asleep to save the vessel in danger, and numerous other crafts and accomplishments.

In another song of the Edda, Sigdrifumál, belonging to the Niflunga cycle, we find a specification of the Runic knowledge into which it was necessary for a perfect man and hero to be initiated.

Sigurd Fafnesbane had ridden through the flames that encircled the "Borg," where the Valkyria Sigdrifa was caused by Odin, for disobeying his bidding, to sleep until some rescuer should relieve her by braving the curse and crossing the fire. Sigurd finds the sleeping beauty and removes the "sleep-thorn." Sigdrifa awakes, and Sigurd asks her to teach him wisdom. She instructs him in the Rune-mysteries:

"Conquering Runes shalt know
If conquer them wilt.
Write them on thy sword's hilt,
Some on the blade,
Some near its point
And name Ty‡ twice.

* Bolthorn's daughter Bestla married the Jotun Burr (super-naturally reared by the cow Audhumbla licking the salt stones of the elementary world). Burr's and Bestla's sons were Odin, Vile and Ve, of whom Odin became the supreme god.

† Odrörer, the name of the vessel out of which Odin drank "Suttung's mead," a drink symbolical of scaldship: poetical inspiration.

‡ Ty is the name of one of the war gods.

Ale-runes shalt know
If thou wilt other man's woman
Make faithful to thee, who art also faithful.
On horn shall they be written,
And on the back of the hand,
And "Naud" * shall be marked on the finger-nail.

Help-runes shalt know
If help thou wilt give
Bearing women in pain.
On hand shall they be written
And around the joints.
Goddesses thou shalt invoke.

Surf-runes shalt carve
If thou wilt save
The sail-horses [vessels] at sea.
On the bow shall they be graven,
On the blade of the rudder,
And be burnt into the oar—
Neither are breakers so wild,
Nor waves so black,
But thou wilt reach shore unharmed.

Twig-runes shalt learn
If disease thou wilt heal
And know how to nurse a wound.
Into bark shall they be dug,
Into the tree of the woods,
While its leaves hang to the eastward.

Speech-runes shalt know,
That no one shall have power
To pay thine anger with hate.
When thou windest them,
When thou weavest them,
When thou cast them altogether,
As men congregate to thing, [assembly]
The people shall have judgment."

It is now mentioned how Hropt (Odin) learned
mind-runes, for

"Mind-runes shalt know.
Wilt thou be wiser than others."

This was how he found them:

"On the mountain stood he (Odin),
With the sword Brime,
Helmet on head.

Then spoke Mime's† head,
And uttered the first prophetic word,
The truth, and said:

'On the shield have they been graven
That stands in front of the shining god.‡
Oa Arvak's§ ear,
On Alsvin's|| hoof,

On the wheel that rolls
Under Rogne's* wagon,
On Sleipne's† tooth,
On the band under the sledge.

On the paw of the bear,
On Bragi's tongue,
On the claw of the wolf,
On the bill of the eagle,
On bloody wings,
On the end of the bridge,
On loosening hand,
And on the smooth track.

On glass and on gold,
On useful ornaments,
In wine and in ale,
In wonted seat,
At the point of Gungne,‡
On Grane's|| breast,
On the nail of the Norne,§
And on the beak of the owl."

Thus far Mime. Then the tale goes on and
Sigrdrifa continues:

"All Runes were scraped off
Which had been printed,
And mixed with the sacred mead
And spilt over wild paths:
They are with the Gods,
They are with the Vanes,§§
Some with the Alfs,§§§
And some with the children of men.

Book-runes there are,
Help-runes there are,
And all ale-runes.
Who do not forget them
And do not confound them,
To him they are lucky:
Enjoy them if thou knowest them
Till the Gods perish."

Sigrdrifa thus concludes to the listening
Sigurd:

"Now thou shalt choose.
Thy choice is offered thee,
Thou stern, armed hero!
Choose between speech
And silence, as thou listeth.
All evil is fixed by Fate."

These are two of the celebrated places in the
Edda where the Runes, their origin and their ap-
plication, have been especially dealt with. Scat-
tered allusions to them will be met with all

* "Naud" is the name of the Rune, N, N.

† All Odin's wisdom was supposed to be acquired from the mys-
tic Mime (Mimir), who dwells at the fountain Urd, at the one root
of the ash Yggdrasil (an emblem of the world-structure). Ac-
cording to another saying Odin pawned one of his eyes to Mime
for a draught from the fount of wisdom.

‡ The sun.

§ The horses that draw the sun.

* Odin.

† Odin's horse.

‡ Odin's spear.

§ Sigrud Fafnesbane's horse.

§ The Nornes were goddesses of fate. They were three, Urd,
Verdandi, Skuld (Past, Present, Future).

§§ Vanes and Alfs were superhuman beings between Jotuns
and men on the one side and the Gods on the other. (The god
Frey was a Vane.)

through the Norse book-lore, verse and prose; the mediæval folk-songs abound with them, and modern poets are fond of employing them figuratively. A gift from the gods, and, like all knowledge, drawn from the depth of things:

"Who do not forget them,
Who do not confound them,
To him they are lucky."

But, as a great scald also sang:

"He write not runes
Who cannot unravel them:
To many men
Misfortune comes from
Getting tangled in dark signs."

J. S. GRAM.

A NORTHERN TRILOGY.

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

[Continued from October number.]

PART II.

Ten more years have passed when the third part of the trilogy opens. The peace of mind which Sigurd had sought in devotion to the cause of the crusaders has not been found. Though crowned outwardly with success, his life in the Orient has only deepened the sense of his wrongs, and every year has made existence under such conditions the more intolerable. After eight years thus spent he has left the service of the cross, and for the two years following has sailed as a merchant in the northern seas. At last his fate leads him again to Norway, resolved to claim that which is his own.

These ten years have witnessed many changes in that country. The old king Sigurd Jorsalfarer is dead long since. The succession had fallen to his half-brother, Harold Gille, and his young son Magnus, who, for a time, shared the power. But the chieftains, for purposes of their own, had seized the young king Magnus, blinded him, and thrust him into prison—thus leaving Harold Gille alone upon the throne. This Harold Gille is, like Sigurd Jorsalfarer and Sigurd Slembe, the son of Magnus Barfod. Now Harold, being a pleasure-loving man, has become the merest tool in the hands of the chieftains, who rule the land at their pleasure, according to the monarch such semblance of homage as to persuade his feeble mind that they are the most devoted of subjects. Sigurd's mother is in the convent, where she took refuge when he first left home. The Orkneys have been again brought under the rule of Norway by a son of Koll Sæbjörnson. Such is the state of things which confronts the wanderer

when he again appears in his native land to claim of Harold, his half-brother, recognition of his birth and his rights.

After much delay the king grants him an audience, and Sigurd briefly tells the story of his life in the presence of the assembled chieftains, among whom is Koll Sæbjörnson, and upon whom he calls to bear witness of his lineage. The king, by nature warm and impulsive, is moved by the tale, and would receive Sigurd as a brother, but is dissuaded from immediate action by the chieftains, who know that the new-comer's accession to power means their own downfall. They remind the king that to them he owes his throne, and that so weighty a matter must not be decided at once and without deliberation. Sigurd withdraws, and a discussion is held in which Koll Sæbjörnson reluctantly admits that he does not doubt Sigurd to be the son of Magnus Barfod, but fears the evils of a divided reign, and counsels reflection. The part of Sigurd is warmly taken by a chieftain named Tjostulv, who is vehemently opposed by most of the others, and especially by Hallkell Huk, the leader of Sigurd's enemies. The king becomes confused by the diverse counsels given him, and escapes making a decision by availing himself of the pretext for departure which is offered by one of his followers, who reminds him of a forgotten appointment with his mistress. Left to themselves, the chieftains opposed to Sigurd devise a plan to render his claims for a time ineffectual, by accusing him of that murder of Torkel Fostre, of which Frakark had been guilty at the time of his sojourn in the Orkneys. Upon such an accusation he is seized and cast into prison, this being the only answer vouchsafed to his petition for justice.

Sigurd being thus for the time disposed of, the two parties among the chieftains plot against each other, the one for his liberty and the recognition of his rights, and the other for the security which his death alone can give them. In secret council with the king, Tjostulv urges him to clear away all difficulties by escaping with Sigurd and himself from the court at Bergen, and repairing to Trøndelag, where Sigurd may become invested with the royal dignities and made coequal with his brother, while his baffled foes are left behind to make the best of their adverse fortune. To this the king is made to consent, and the plans for flight are all laid, when they are brought to naught by the counterplot of Sigurd's enemies, who, pretending to come in the king's name, penetrate to the place of his confine-

ment, and, representing themselves as friends, carry him away with the design of putting an end to his life. Upon the discovery that his plans are thus frustrated, Tjostulv confronts Hallkell and the others, and a powerful scene follows, in which he points out to them the enormity of the crime which they have instigated, and ends by putting forth his authority as next to the king in power, and ordering their arrest and imprisonment. But his plans are again frustrated, for just as the arrested chieftains are being led away, a messenger arrives with the news that Sigurd, having been carried off in a boat by his foes, and becoming suspicious of their treacherous purpose, has cast himself overboard and disappeared. Upon hearing this Tjostulv loses all hope, for it is winter, and the only shore which Sigurd could possibly reach is desolate, nor might he hope thus unprotected to survive the night. Tjostulv sets free his captives, resolved to give up the struggle now that he believes its object irretrievably lost.

But his fears for Sigurd's life are groundless, for the man is inured to hardships, and even these do not make him succumb. He succeeds in reaching the shore and in finding a sort of shelter for the night in a rocky recess. But bitter as is the night, still more bitter are his thoughts. For he sees in this base attempt upon his life the work of the king thus seeking to rid himself of a troublesome rival. All thoughts of peace and reconciliation now give way to those of the vengeance which he will take upon the supposed author of this deed and upon the chieftains who have sought to deny him justice. He reviews the past in these words:

SIGURD. And now I will reflect upon how it is that I am come hither:

First of all I am a king's son. But in my twentieth year I was changed into a black dog and driven out into the world. A madman sat in my father's seat; then came a child, then an imbecile. But I was so chased about that I grew tame and licked the hand that struck me. Then came I home again, and the imbecile who sat where I should sit was asked if he knew me. Yes, said he, this is my changed brother: I will take him to my embrace. But the embrace was that of the deep, cold sea, which should swallow me up, and behold, I sank not, I rose. But the dog's skin sank, and he who rose was a king (*he rises*), armored in revenge, with despairing eye, and a red flaming sword. And when the sword is wielded it shall flash over all Norway, and tears shall follow as close as rain upon the lightning flash; yet all the tears of the race could not suffice to relieve the weight now upon my heart.

Thus filled with the passion of the injustice done him, and mightily resolved upon a vengeance commensurate with his wrongs, the night hours

pass by. Wild fancies throng upon him as, well-nigh delirious with suffering, he awaits the day upon which he shall begin the work of vengeance, and of attainment of the objects of an ambition now grown to giant stature. The last great crisis of his life has come, and, as long before in the Stavanger church, and later in the Orkneys, so now again, a few hours of heightened passion make of him a changed man, and the resolution which he now takes is to shape all the rest of his life. The indomitable spirit thus newly awakened tides over the fearful strait in which this rude night has cast him. Like Hamlet, he exclaims in spirit:

"from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth."

The next act opens a short time after the events just narrated, and takes us to the seashore at Bergen. It is night, and a watchman paces up and down, alone, save for the presence of a woman who is seated motionless upon the rocks. She has the garb of a nun, and is no other than Tora, Sigurd's mother, who has left her convent, and, led by an irresistible impulse, has come hither in hope of seeing the son from whom she has been parted for so many years. To her thus seated enters the skald, Ivar Ingemundson, a friend of Sigurd, and not unknown to her. He urges her to seek shelter from the cold, and gently breaks to her the news of Sigurd's death, but she will not believe, for Sigurd appears every night in her dreams, and she fancies him coming up from the sea to meet her. She is at last persuaded to break off the weary watch, and Ivar, to console her, swears that if Sigurd still live he will bring them together. They have hardly left the scene when, accompanied by four men, Sigurd is seen in a boat approaching the shore. Unobserved by the watch the party land and direct their steps to the king's castle. Soon thereafter an alarm is sounded, and the word is passed that the king has been slain. A scene of confusion ensues, and the excited people assemble upon the shore, surrounding Tjostulv and the other chieftains who have been aroused by the tragical report. The men all cry out against the unknown murderer, and in the midst of the uproar a boat approaches, from which the voice of Sigurd is heard.

THE VOICE. Seek you him who hath slain the king?

THE PEOPLE. Yes.

THE VOICE. It is I who have done it: I, Sigurd Magnusson.

THE PEOPLE. Then it was he.

IVAR KOLLBEJNSON (*one of Sigurd's men*). For he had much to revenge.

THE VOICE. I have avenged blind Magnus and myself. Now we will share the throne together.

THE PEOPLE. Together!

KOLL (*to Hallkelt*). This will win the people!

IVAR KOLLBEJNSON. Then shall peace quickly come, good people.

THE PEOPLE. Ay, it is peace that we would have.

THE VOICE. If you accept this deed there shall be peace in the land, and no ill-hap, save one man's death, who should never have been king. Is there no chieftain here?

MANY VOICES. Yes, Tjostulv Åleson is here!

THE VOICE. He should have a word for me.

TJOSTULV (*comes forward*). Yes; I have a word for thee, Sigurd. Either art thou Harold's brother, when it is clear that thou wert born in sin, or thou art not Harold's brother, and the work thou hast done doubly foul.

THE VOICE. Think of it again, Tjostulv Åleson. Think also of me!

TJOSTULV. When thou didst plunge the sword in thy brother's breast thou didst forget that the deed would drive me and all honest men from thy cause.

THE VOICE. For that which I have done I can answer before God.

TJOSTULV. That may well be, but before me thou canst not answer it. I had given thee aid to the very limit of the law, but now thou callest upon me from without its pale.

THE VOICE. Let come, then, what God will!

TJOSTULV (*to the people*). Hear! He turns the evil of his mind to the will of God! Thus at the last he will deceive himself, as he has now deceived us. He is a dangerous man, and beneath his fair exterior there lurks a dark purpose. But we will be bound by the law of the land. The children of Harold now claim its protection, and stretch out their little hands for help. For that man yonder in the blue cloak—cast stones into his boat and drive him from the land, for he brings ill-fortune with him.

THE PEOPLE. Yes, yes! Out upon thee, thou murderer of thy brother!

Two more years elapse, and we approach the final stage of this tragedy of indomitable but everthwarted will. During these years the outlawed Sigurd has vainly attempted to gather men about the cause of Magnus and himself. During these years, with tireless effort, he has struggled unsuccessfully for the fulfillment of his fixed purpose, and at their end we find him with still unfailing courage gathering together his resources for yet one more desperate struggle. A consciousness of the absolute justice of his cause still sustains him, but repeated failure has made him a hard, remorseless man. He has found help and friends among the Finns, and in the dreary wastes of Finmark, surrounded by the few who still remain faithful to him, he is devoting the long winter months to preparation for the final struggle. For so long a time has nothing been heard or seen of him that his foes once more begin to breathe in the hope that the storms of autumn have indeed, as is rumored, put an end to his life. But his

mother's intuition tells her that he still lives, and on her behalf Ivar Ingemundson seeks him out in his retreat to plead with him that he desist from his purpose. He brings Sigurd tidings that the hostile army is disbanded and the chieftains dispersed in the belief of his death.

SIGURD. So let it be! But why did you think that I still lived?

IVAR. There was one who said so with much assurance.

SIGURD. And yet none might bring any tidings of me. For none who for any cause came hither have ever returned.

IVAR. What mean you?

SIGURD. What I say. The time for scruples is now past with me. The Finns have given me food. There is nothing to which one may not become used. Five years ago I drank camels' milk with Arabs; this winter, rein-deers' milk with Finns.

IVAR. And you think to resume this struggle?

SIGURD. I have a new sort of ships that will out sail all others. The Finns have built them for me. I set out in them to-morrow or the day after, and I shall find the chieftains one by one.

IVAR. Then you will never desist?

SIGURD. Yes, when my aim is reached.

IVAR. But you have now failed for more than two years.

SIGURD. Say, rather, I have failed for more than seventeen; for it is thus long since I began. Ivar, do you believe that my cause is just? And do you believe that I may achieve something if once I reach the throne of my fathers?

IVAR. I believe that your right to be king of Norway is greater than that of any other living man; I believe that as king you would build all anew.

SIGURD. And you can yet ask if I will desist?

IVAR. Have you forgotten, Sigurd, that you have a mother?

SIGURD. How is it that you ask me that?

IVAR. Would you see her—talk with her?

SIGURD. Dost thou know her? Where is she?

IVAR. She was on the shore at Bergen that night—the last night you were there. She remained until I came.

SIGURD. Blessed Olaf!

IVAR. Would you speak with her?

SIGURD. No! Later. No, not now.

IVAR. Then you are not at peace with yourself?

SIGURD. Not so; but now we should not understand one another.

IVAR. Yet it might be so.

SIGURD. To meet were to bring ill to us both.

IVAR. Your mother has outlived the time when anything in the world could again bring her ill.

SIGURD. But she lives?

IVAR. Yes, I but meant that she sees in you only her son; all the rest matters little to her.

SIGURD. But much to me. One would fain have accomplished something before he again meets his mother.

IVAR. Your mother is old now.

SIGURD. Yes she must be old indeed!

IVAR. What I meant was that she might have too long to wait.

SIGURD. Does she greatly wish to see me?

IVAR. She lives for nothing else. She has lost her right to the protection of the convent. For two years, now, she has followed you through the land.

SIGURD. Oh Christ!

IVAR. Will you speak with her?

SIGURD. Where is she?

IVAR. I left her at Möre.

SIGURD. You have followed her, then?

IVAR. Yes.

SIGURD (*offering his hand*). Ivar, wilt thou be my friend?

IVAR. I cannot, my lord.

SIGURD. Is it too hard for thee, Ivar?

IVAR. Yes, my lord; for then I should have to share in your work.

SIGURD. And that thou canst not do?

IVAR. No, my lord, no—not as you have begun it—and continued it.

SIGURD. Then go, Ivar!

IVAR. But first —

SIGURD. Go, for thou hast fooled me.

IVAR. I am sorry for it. But let not your mother for my sake want an answer.

SIGURD. She shall see me—when I sit upon the throne of Norway.

IVAR. The poor soul will weep many tears ere that time.

SIGURD. The burden she bears is no heavier than mine.

IVAR. But her love is stronger, my lord! She may not so endure delay.

SIGURD. But aye! for it is so little that she craves.

IVAR. Yet when you returned, you, too, craved but little.

SIGURD. Many things have changed since then.

IVAR. May I say it once more, my lord? When a man has grown afraid to meet his mother the change is not for the better.

SIGURD. Afraid? You have mistaken me. Tell my mother that I will meet her where she will.

IVAR. It is but pride that forces him to this.

SIGURD. Name thou the place; we have no more a home.

IVAR. If she but speak with you, home shall be found again.

SIGURD. Yes, but it must be agreed that naught be said of my plans, for you know well that in them I make no changes.

IVAR. But, my lord, of what else is there to speak?

SIGURD. There is enough else, quite enough. But you must tell her this.

IVAR. She shall be told of it.

SIGURD. Bear to her my filial greeting, and say that all is well with me.

IVAR. I will do it.

SIGURD. Tell her that I hope for a happy outcome.

IVAR. I will tell her that, also.

SIGURD. And that all shall be well with her.

IVAR. If she live.

SIGURD. Yes, and should she die meanwhile, she will see even better how well I meant it with her. But the way was long, and led over cold, high places, where there was no warm room for meeting. And now, farewell! Because thou hast brought this message from my mother I will ever hold thee dear.

IVAR. But you have forgotten to name the place.

SIGURD. Ah, the place! It were better that she should name it.

IVAR. No.

SIGURD. Well, then—but it will be hard to find me, for henceforth I go upon uncertain ways. Say Holmengrâ.

IVAR. It is far to the south.

SIGURD. But just on my way when I sail from Denmark in the summer.

IVAR. Holmengrâ?

SIGURD. Yes. It is quiet in the bay there.

IVAR. We shall meet.

SIGURD. Dost thou, too, follow?

IVAR. Yes.

SIGURD. Why art thou, then, so concerned for my mother, yet will not be my friend?

IVAR. I cannot tell you all the reason.

SIGURD. I have never before prayed for a man's sympathy or friendship—and thou deniest me both.

IVAR. With you it is but as a moment's impulse. Your soul reaches out after higher things.

SIGURD. But a friend upon the way—one only.

IVAR. Then set your path so low that I may. Come with me to your mother, send your men to their homes, make an end of it all, weep once with her, and, God in heaven! what friends we shall become.

SIGURD. Now the skald in you speaks, Ivar, and all the deeds of a lifetime become dissolved in one moment of emotion.

IVAR. Farewell!

The last act of this last division of the trilogy takes us to Holmengrâ, the place of meeting. It is now late in the year whose early months witnessed the final preparations for Sigurd's descent upon his foes. That descent has been to them as terrible as unexpected. With the energy of desperation he has swept over the land, seeking out his enemies, slaying, and burning his way to the south. Success has gained for his cause adherents, and now, with a fleet matching that of the chieftains united under Tjostulv, he is prepared to fight at sea the decisive battle. It is an autumn evening in the year 1139; the day following will settle the destinies of Norway, and each of the opposed forces knows that all must be won, or all will be irretrievably lost. The chieftains have gathered together on the shore to hold a last consultation. The unquenchable spirit of Sigurd and the fearful ravages which mark his path have filled the bravest of his foes with terror. The words spoken by the chieftains express anxiety and dark forebodings. Only one, Koll Sæbjörnson, sits apart and says little, for he has received tidings of such moment as entirely to change the face of things for them all, and, while they hold this council of despair, he rises in their midst and tells them that Sigurd's Danish allies are unfaithful,

and that the morrow will see them set sail for home, leaving Sigurd to his fate. The commotion produced by this intelligence is very great, and despair quickly gives way to exultation.

TJOSTULV. Then an overwhelming victory awaits us!

HALLKELL. Hemmed in upon every side—

OTHERS. He is ours with all his force

TJOSTULV. Then let the blessed Olaf be praised for all time to come, for from to morrow the peasant may sleep with open doors.

In the excited discussion which follows, the foes of Sigurd give fierce expression to their feelings, recalling the many wrongs which they have to avenge upon him.

TJOSTULV. Yes, a devil has indeed taken possession of him, and now holds full sway. To no other have I ever been so closely drawn as to Sigurd, and no one has so far repelled me!

HALLKELL. I was never drawn to him. From the first hour I was forced to use well my strength that I might not fall beneath his heel. It seems to me that none might live near him, save as bondsmen.

TJOSTULV. That I never felt. There was a time when I would have given him everything, even my life. Who knows? Good fortune might have made him a great king.

KOLL. I do not believe that. If misfortune turn his disposition to evil, power would but make him hard.

TJOSTULV. He is one of those men who force all the world to rise up against them, to surround and to destroy. And when it is done, we stand about regretful.

HALLKELL. Thou, Koll, hast known him from a child; thou knowest him better than we.

KOLL. No. But this I will say: that were he again to begin the strife, and I again to counsel him, he should get other than worldly wisdom from me.

When he returned a man, we feared him. It was the strength of his nature that we feared—feared lest it shatter our own designs. Who shall conquer in the end, no one of us may foresee; at this moment not only has he overturned our work, but the whole country has trembled in his hand.

Of late his own strength has bewitched him. He has heard in nature the echo of evil things, and may no more cease to call upon her. He has come to be such that either must we all take flight, and he alone live, or else the powers that cannot here find fitting exercise must be scattered like vapors.

But this thing I believe, that the powers here but imperfectly revealed in the strife, will yonder be gathered together to noble outcome. My friends, I believe in a life after this one. *(He rises, turns around, and beholds Sigurd, whose head at this moment appears above the rocks. Sigurd is pale as death, and immediately disappears. Koll is startled, but keeps silence.)*

TJOSTULV. It seems to me as if we were the country's doomsmen, and had sat in judgment upon him.

In the last scene of this great work Sigurd appears alone. He has overheard the story of the treason which lays low his last and best hope, and he realizes that the end has come, that the crown

of his life's work is failure, absolute and unrelieved. In a long monologue he attempts in thought each avenue of escape, and finds them all closed upon him. He has raised his last force, and no stratagem can avail him further. As all the events of life throng upon the mind of the dying man, so all his past stands clearly before him as he is thus brought face to face with the ruin of the edifice he has so nearly reared. And in this supreme hour the peace of mind which he has sought for so many years comes to him when least expected, and all the tempests of life are stilled. That reconciliation which the hour of approaching death brings to men whose lives have been set at tragic pitch has come to him also; he now sees that this was the inevitable end, and the recognition of the fitness with which events have shaped themselves brings with it an exaltation of soul in which life is seen revealed in its true aspect. No longer veiled in the mists which have hitherto hidden it from the passionate gaze, he takes note of what it really is, and casts it from him. In this hour of passionless contemplation such a renunciation is not a thing torn from the reluctant soul, but the clear solution, so long sought, of the problem so long blindly attempted. That which his passion-enraged self has so struggled to avert, his higher self, now set free, calmly and gladly accepts.

SIGURD. Where am I? I stand upon my own grave, and hear the great bell ring. I tremble as the tower beneath its stroke, for where now are the armies that were mine? The grave opens its mouth and makes reply. But life lies behind me like a dried-up stream, and these eighteen years are lost as in a desert. The sign, the sign that was with me from my birth? In lofty flight I have followed it hither with all the strength of my soul, and here I am, struck by the arrow of death; I fall, and behold the rocks beneath upon which I shall be crushed. Have I, then, seen awrong? Ah, how the winds and currents of my life stood yonder, where it was warm and fruitful, while I toiled up where it grew ever colder, and my ship is now clasped by the drifting icebergs; a moment yet and it must sink. Then let it sink, and all will be over. *(On his knees.)* But in thy arms, All-merciful, I shall find peace!

What miracle is this? For in the hour I prayed the prayer was granted! Peace, perfect peace! *(Rises.)* Then will I go to-morrow to my last battle as to the altar; peace shall at last be mine for all my longings. *(Holds his head bowed and covered by his hands. As he, after a time, slowly removes them, he looks around.)*

How this autumn evening brings reconciliation to my soul! Sun and wave and shore and sea flow all together, as in the thought of God all others; never yet has it seemed so lovely to me! Yet it is not mine to reign over this delightful land. How greatly I have done it ill! But how has it all come so to pass? for in my wanderings I saw thy mountains in every sky, I yearned for home as a child

longs for Christmas, yet I came no sooner, and when at last I came—I gave thee wound upon wound.

But thou, in contemplative mood, now gazest upon me, and givest me at parting this fairest autumn night of thine. I will ascend yonder rock and take a long farewell. (*Mounts up.*)

And even thus I stood eighteen years ago—thus looked out upon the sea, blue beneath the rising sun. The fresh breezes of morning seemed wafted to me from a high future; through the sky's light veil a vision of strange lands was mine; in the glow of the morning sun wealth and honor shone upon me; and to all this, the white sails of the crusaders should swiftly bear me.

Farewell, dreams of my youth! Farewell, my sweet country! Ah, to what sorrows thou hast brought me forth! But now it will soon be over. (*He descends.*)

Yet why should these ships sail up to me this very night bearing the fulfillment of all my dreams? Could any one of them be now in truth mine—or may a free bear fruit twice in one year?

I give way to make room for some better man. But be thou gracious to me, and let death be mine with these feelings in my heart, for strength to be faithful might not long be vouchsafed me.

Thou shalt die to-morrow! How sure a father-confessor is that word. Now for the first time I speak truth to myself.

(*Enter Ivar Ingemundson and a nun, Sigurd's mother.*)

IVAR (*climbing over a rock*). Yes, here he is. (*Gives his hand to the nun.*)

THE NUN (*without seeing*). Sigurd! (*Mounts up.*) Yes, there he is!

SIGURD. Mother!

THE NUN. My child, found once more! (*They remain long clasped in each other's arms.*) My son, my son, now shalt thou no more escape me!

SIGURD. Oh, my mother!

THE NUN. Thou wilt keep away from this battle, is it not so? We two will win another kingdom—a much better one.

SIGURD. I understand thee, mother. (*Conducts her to a seat and falls upon his knee.*)

THE NUN. Yes, dost thou not? Thou art not so bad as all men would have it. I knew that well, but wanted so much to speak with thee,—and since thou art wearied and hast lost thy hopes for this world, thou hast come back to me, for even now there is time! And of all thy realm they must leave thee some little plot, and there we will live by the church, so that when the bells ring for vespers we shall be near the blessed Olaf, and with him seek the presence of the Almighty. And there we will heal thy wounds with holy water, and thoughts of love, more than thou canst remember ever to have had, shall come back to thee robed in white, and wondering recollection shall have no end. For the great shall be made small and the small great, and there shall be questionings and revelations and eternal happiness. Thou wilt come and thus live with me, my son, wilt thou not? Thou wilt stay from this battle and come quickly?

SIGURD. Mother, I have not wept till now since I lay upon the parched earth of the holy land.

THE NUN. Thou wilt follow me?

SIGURD. To do thus were to escape the pledges I have made but by breaking them.

THE NUN. To what art thou now pledged?

SIGURD. Pledged to the blind king I took from the cloister; pledged to the men I have led hither.

THE NUN. And these pledges thou shalt redeem—how?

SIGURD. By fighting and falling at their head.

THE NUN. (*Springs to her feet. Sigurd also rises.*) No! No! No! Shall I now, after a life-time of sorrow, see thy death?

SIGURD. Yes, mother. The Lord of life and death will have it so.

THE NUN. Ah! what sufferings a moment's sin may bring! (*She falls upon his breast, then sinks with upstretched arms.*) Oh, my son, spare me!

SIGURD. Do not tempt me, mother!

THE NUN. Hast thou taken thought of what may follow? Hast thou thought of capture, of mutilation?

SIGURD. I have some hymns left me from childhood. I can sing them.

THE NUN. But I—thy mother—spare me!

SIGURD. Make not to me this hour more bitter than death itself.

THE NUN. But why now die? We have found one another.

SIGURD. We two have nothing more to live for.

THE NUN. Wilt thou soon leave me?

SIGURD. Till the morning sun appear we will sit together. Let me lift thee upon this rock. (*He does so and casts himself at her feet.*) It was fair that thou shouldst come to me. All my life is now blotted out, and I am a child with thee once more. And now we will seek out together the land of our inheritance. I must away for a moment to take my leave, and then I shall be ready, and I think that thou, too, art ready.

IVAR INGEMUNDSON (*falling on his knee*). My lord, now let me be your friend.

SIGURD (*extending his hand*). Ivar, thou wilt not leave her to-morrow?

IVAR INGEMUNDSON. Not until she is set free.

SIGURD. And now sing me the crusader's song. I may joyfully go hence after that.

IVAR INGEMUNDSON (*rises and sings*).

Fair is the earth,
Fair is God's heaven,
Fair is the pilgrim-path of the soul.
Singing we go
Through the fair realms of earth,
Seeking the way to our heavenly goal.

Races shall come,
And shall pass away,
And the world from age to age shall roll;
But the heavenly tones
Of our pilgrim song
Shall echo still in the joyous soul.

First heard of shepherds,
By angels sung,
Wide it has spread since that glad morn:
Peace upon earth!
Rejoice, all men,
For unto us is a Savior born.

Thus closes the work which I have outlined—a work which has much of the poetry, and all of

the solemnity, of a Greek tragedy, and which is, notwithstanding, a product of the complex romantic consciousness of modern times. It has seemed best to me to let the work speak almost wholly for itself, and yet, in this disjointed and unnatural garb, it is but a poor advocate. That which in the original is simply bare and nobly austere—the bareness and austerity of Dante or of Milton—is made merely harsh, if not crude, in the translation, in spite of the verbal liberties which I have taken in my attempt to preserve the spirit. Taken altogether, this trilogy of “Sigurd Slembe” is probably the greatest masterpiece of which Norwegian literature may boast, and it seems to me to meet very fully the requirements of high creative art. Of its author I have spoken elsewhere in these words: “Björnson has the power, rare even with the greater dramatists, to condense so much of passion in a single pregnant sentence—by means of a word or single phrase so to light up as by a lightning flash a tragic situation—as to put rhetorical effusion of feeling to shame. His is the instinct which at the fateful moment of the action sees how incomparably greater and truer is a direct, rightly chosen word, bare of ornament, than the most elaborate rhetorical amplification.” The first and foremost essential of dramatic art is that the characters shall move and speak and live in the presence of the reader or the spectator, that the motives which shape their conduct shall be clearly brought to view, and that the action shall follow close upon the motive which inevitably conditions it. This essential quality is conspicuously present in the work which we have just passed in review, and that work is set upon the high plane in which greater interests than those of the individual are at stake. The life of the protagonist is made to illuminate an epoch of human history, and the events of that life are given a heightened significance in the light reflected upon them by the age and the people thus clearly revealed. In a word, the work is strongly typical, and, as the type survives its ephemeral embodiments, which in rapid succession appear and are no more, so this powerful dramatic creation has a very different and much more enduring sort of claim upon the world’s attention than may be asserted by any mere production of the hour or of the day. It comes very near to being a contribution to that world-literature which knows no age and no place, and whose vitality is alike superior to chance mishap and to the inroads of time.

MRS. STONE’S “SUMMER IN SCANDINAVIA.”*

The narrative in this book, which we accept as the record of a *bona-fide* journey in Scandinavia, begins with the author’s arrival in Hanover. From this town the travelers went to Copenhagen, where they stayed but a short time, and then sailed to Norway, in which country a few days were spent, chiefly at Christiania, from whence they proceeded, *via* the Göta canal, to Stockholm, where a stay of some weeks seems to have been made, and then, after a visit to Upsala, they left Sweden by the southern route, taking in Lund, and the author’s account of the journey closes at Malmö. We do not doubt Mrs. Stone had a delightful visit and that she retains pleasant recollections of what she saw and heard; and we heartily wish that this legitimate result of her journey had contented her, and that she had not been tempted to add another to the already long list of useless books relating to Scandinavia. It is one thing to make a pleasant excursion into a foreign country, but quite another to write a good account of it. While our author is evidently friendly and sympathetic she has no real knowledge of the Scandinavian countries, and she is deficient in powers of observation. As a result her book contains nothing original concerning either the countries visited or the people, and is but a commonplace narration, which would have found its proper place and form if compressed into a couple of columns in some newspaper. The considerable padding of information contained in her book which is extracted from guide books and other sources had much better have been omitted, for it is commonly incorrect and never new. The names of places and persons are as a rule misspelled. It is a matter of astonishment that any reputable publisher would send out, over his name, a book containing so many palpable errors which could have been corrected by any proof-reader with the help of an ordinary cyclopedia. Common names, like Tegné, Byström, Oxenstjerna, Ankerström, Mälar, Södermanland, Göteborg, Malmö, Lofoden, etc., are everywhere and repeatedly incorrectly given. Öhlenschläger is called Olenschläger, the sculptor Sergel is indifferently spoken of as Sorgel or Sergel, Bo Jonsson is repeatedly called Bo Jourson; the province of Vestmanland becomes Wertmanland, and Throndhjem, which our author curiously considers the intellectual center of Norway, is twisted

*“A Summer in Scandinavia.” By Mary Amelia Stone. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. (1885); cloth, \$1.25.

into Donthenir; Trollhättan is variously spelled, but never correctly; Drammen is given as Drammar, etc. An unusual endeavor to be correct has resulted in printing the name Smörgåsbord, applied to the side-table of refreshments set out in Swedish houses, as "Smorgåsbord," which is ludicrous to Scandinavian eyes. One expression, which occurs repeatedly, is wrong in two particulars—first in spelling, for it should be Djurgården and not Djurgarden, and when this type (å) is not obtainable the only proper equivalent is aa, which is commonly found in books by Norwegian writers. But we notice that å is used in other instances in this book. In the second place, the literal translation of the word is *the deer-park*, and it is therefore a sort of pleonasm equivalent to a repetition of the definite article to insert its English form before the Swedish word in which it already exists in the suffix *en*. The proper way is simply to write Djurgården without the English article, or the Djurgård. The misspelling of names is so much the rule that it is a surprise to find one properly given, and upon examination we are inclined to ascribe the correct printing of "Skåne" to the influence of Mr. Du Chaillu, for the descriptive matter relating to this province is so obviously made up from Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," that in justice to him his book ought to have been mentioned.

The statistical information contained in the book, while intended to be given in round numbers, is needlessly inexact. The population of Stockholm, for instance, is set down as 170,000, but by the official tables it exceeded that number by 24,439 on the 31st day of December, 1883. Copenhagen, according to the census of 1880, had then 234,850 inhabitants, and it could not, therefore, have had but 225,000 in 1884. So, also, Mrs. Stone places the population of Christiania at 113,000, while the official estimates make it over 124,000. On page 193 the author says: "Although a large part of northern Sweden is sparsely settled, yet it has a population of 5,000,000, nearly four times the size of Norway." It is to be presumed that the writer really meant, despite her language, to give five million, not as the population of northern Sweden, but as the population of the entire country; but this last is in round numbers but 4,600,000, and it is by no means four times the population of Norway, which is now over 1,900,000. The author's dates are but little better than her other figures, and the historical information she supplies is puzzling, to say the least. She tells us on page 70 that the French,

"about the time of the great work at Eidsvold, were engaged in framing what is called the constitution of 1789." But by the great work at Eidsvold must be meant the framing of Norway's present constitution in 1814! Yet on page 64 we are informed that "with the exception of England, the constitution of Norway is said to be the oldest on record." Concerning the schools of Denmark we are furnished with the statement that "a royal college, composed of a Punams [sic!] and four assessors, arrange and carry out the entire system of education"!

We may make a few corrections here for the benefit of readers of the book. The Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark is not married to a sister of the present king, Oscar II of Sweden, as stated on page 17, but to the daughter of the king's brother Charles, the former king of Sweden. The Duchess of Cumberland is named Thyra, not Thyen. The current coin of Sweden is not a "kronar," but a krona, its exact equivalent is 26.8 cents, and its plural is not "kronas," but kronor. Freya in Scandinavian mythology is feminine, and should not therefore be spoken of in the masculine, nor is it necessary to insert the letter "j" in spelling the name of this goddess. Neither should the name of the god Frey be spelled Freyar.

On page 23 Thorwaldsen's "Night" is labeled "Fright," and this typographical error is rendered ludicrous by a half-page of fine writing, closing with this sentence: "The marble is so full of repose and gentle sleep that the very spell of rest creeps over one while gazing, and you feel sure when morning comes life will reanimate again this precious form."

The author's grammar and literary style are peculiar. Environ is frequently used as a singular noun, as "one environ," "this environ," etc. Charles XII is said to have "embalmed" the University of Lund with many tokens of interest. She speaks of steamers being "infinite," and of a coast with "a crowd of embarkations," when she simply means that steamers and landing-places were numerous. Frequently phrases or sentences, such as "the spirit of the people had declined," "situated in an open ground, commanding a grand view," "while foreign states looked askance at the parvenu king," etc., are inclosed in quotation marks for no apparent reason, unless it is that the author wishes her readers to understand that the sentences are taken, ready made, from guide books.

Nothing but quotations from her text could do

justice to the author's remarkable style. She describes a view in which "in the distance the undulating land, with its heavy growth of pine, extends over the soil like folds of drapery." The passage from Kiel to Copenhagen was slow and rough, "a fact which most of the people admitted without resistance. The scramble for easy places in the little saloon on the deck was amusing; but the sitters, of nine different nationalities, prevented much ocular demonstration of sympathy"! Describing the Thorwaldsen museum, she says: "This ugly exterior is somewhat relieved, however, by the fine group, 'Victory,' which surmounts the façade, and from an outlook over the city, which makes it especially commanding. She is pulling up her quadriga, and is a striking piece of art"! Our author lapses frequently into fine writing: "One sunset across these small waters cannot be forgotten. On the shore of the horizon the colors had all the shades of the setting and the rising sun, the heavens and the waters which reflected them of one hue—these two grand forms of nature appearing and disappearing the one within the other." Here is her description of a country excursion: "The drive there from the university had not even the charm of a dreary [sic] country, but a strangeness which we could hardly define—perhaps it was a tinge of antiquity—of that gloomy sort, the records of which surrounded this atmosphere, which shadowed the wayside flowers, made the clover fields look out of fashion, and the fields of grain wear the aspect of another age. Certain it is that during the short drive of four miles we had left the civilization of to-day and aired our feeble stores of knowledge belonging to the dawn of time in this Northland with rapid strides." Unhappily the author does not tell her readers the name of this curious place where the "records of antiquity surround the atmosphere," but the context would seem to locate it four miles in some direction from Upsala.

THORVALD SOLBERG.

THE ESCURIAL.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF SNOILSKY.

Escorial! how hateful is thy name!

Here, hid from day, the despot mumbled prayers,
His foot upon the people's heart, his cares
Soothed by the incense from the *auto's* flame.
But as time's broad wings onward sweeping came
Faded from Old and New World Philip's pride:
Th' Armada's wreck like driftwood floated wide,

Hurled back by seas that ne'er owned tyrant's claim.
Hushed stands the Escorial. For ages there
"Mene Tekel" Time's bony hand hath writ.
In royal hall perches the bird of night
And only when by blood-red sunsets lit
Still do the thousand palace windows glare,
As at Belshazzar's feast, with awful light.

C. J. STOCK.

CLOISTER DAYS.

MEMORIES OF REV. ERIK L. PETERSON.

(Continued from the October number.)

I had expected that this would settle him, but I counted my eggs before they were hatched; for, admitting even that there was a mistake about Father Stub's seminary, he maintained that the Swedish people were ungrateful for not hindering the expulsion of the Barnabites from the country after the order had been received with royal honors, grand processions, etc. This remark, uttered with the sober earnestness of conviction, so excited our risibility that we all burst out into a roar of laughter. As soon as we had regained our composure Rieszewsky, who had long resided in Stockholm, then explained the true state of affairs, after which the monks departed more humble in spirit than they had entered, and it was evident that the unvarnished truth so unceremoniously thrust into their faces had somewhat subdued their insolent and haughty arrogance.

This meeting, however, left us in an unpleasant mood, for it revealed to us that we were not wanted where we were—certainly an unenviable position to be in. Father Villoresi was too much of a gentleman to hint such a thing, either directly or indirectly, but that was now unnecessary. Our situation was becoming desperate; what were we to do? We belonged neither to the Swedish-Norwegian mission nor to any ecclesiastical body in Italy from whom we could demand ordination; and, with the exception of Adolph Geuken, whose father held a lucrative office in Helsingfors, we could not have procured \$20 between us. We consulted together as to what had better be done, and while Rieszewsky began writing to several Catholic bishops in America, I wrote to the wealthy Prefect B. Bernard, in Christiania, who in a letter intended to pass for Norwegian informed me that he had several Belgian and French priests at hand—in other words, the market was flooded. Be it, however, said to his praise, that he finally offered me a position in Norway. This was after I came to America, and in some way the letter

failed to reach me until two weeks after I had placed myself under the protection of Bishop Henry B. Whipple, of the Episcopal Church. His letter I have preserved to this day, and frequently ponder on the strange and mysterious workings of fate.

Neither Rieszewsky nor I expected much from our correspondence. The American bishops were polite and obliging, but referred us to the Swedish-Norwegian mission, whose bounden duty it was to receive us. There was a solid vein of sound logic and common sense that could not be gainsaid running uniformly through their letters, and this gave me a very high opinion of their judgment. Our condition continued in the meantime to grow worse. It is true that Father Villoresi offered us to remain as long as we wished, but there was no sense in five able-bodied men wasting their best years with no prospects ahead, nor was it right for us to expect him to feed and clothe us without recompense. Father Riccadonna had moreover given us such a strong hint that we could not honorably remain. After discussing the question from every side it was agreed that we were to give up the idea of becoming priests. Rieszewsky would go to Germany and resume his profession of conditor, Adolph Geuken would return to his father in Helsingfors, William Gundelach was to demand protection from the Bishop of Paderborn, Carl Svenson, with his fine voice (tenor), would have no difficulty in securing an engagement at the opera in Stockholm, and to me my old profession was open, I could easily find employment with some traveling theatrical troupe and once more return to the stage. It being now near unto Christmas it was decided that we should remain till spring; in the meantime, our plans being now fully matured and our resolution taken, felt more at our ease, for we now knew pretty nearly what the future had in store for us. As for myself, I felt strongly tempted to go to Norway, seek out my betrayer Stub, and take a bloody revenge. My readers will accuse me of being prompted to this desire for revenge by anything but a Christian spirit, but let it be remembered how I had suffered—sold into slavery in Aubigny, we might say—and perishing with cold and literally starving at Monza, my body covered with filthy rags, while thousands of fleas were feasting on my blood. It is easy enough to be a Christian while wallowing in luxury and wealth, but before poverty and misfortune this Christian spirit will melt away and vanish. Well did I know that, were I to break the holy Father's intelligence box my life

would be forfeited. But of what use to me was life? Better die with the feeling of satisfaction of having obtained full revenge for all the misery Father Stub had wrought me. This, my revengeful brooding, I, however, kept to myself, not even breathing it to my confessor, for we have examples showing that the confidential communications of the confessional are not always kept inviolate.

As this was in all probability to be our last Christmas together, we racked our brains for the means of celebrating it in conformity with Scandinavian custom. Our finances being extremely low it would be out of the question to make any large expenditures, but one comfort at least we determined to have, and that was a fire to warm our room. We had discovered in the room that Rieszewsky and I occupied as a dormitory a fireplace, which, though closed by an iron door, we soon managed to break into. From sundry things we here discovered hidden it was evident that this room had once been occupied by some rich monk or abbot who could afford the luxury of a fire. The next thing was to obtain fuel, and little by little old rubbish of various kinds, boxes, old paper, etc., found its way into our cell, not to mention several sticks of wood purloined from the cook and smuggled in under the folds of our gowns.

These, for ecclesiastical students, questionable practices could scarcely have been carried on unobservedly had it not been in the midst of the theatrical season, when everybody was busy with rehearsals, etc., and no one took any notice of the doings of us foreigners. To many of my readers it may sound strangely to hear me speak of the theatrical season in connection with a theological seminary, and this seeming incongruity may require a few words by way of explanation. Those who have traveled in Catholic countries must have observed with what precision all the church ceremonies are performed, as well as the neatness and order which prevail in the churches. These characteristic traits of Catholicism form a strong contrast to the often too-apparent negligence and want of tact observable in Protestant churches. This dramatic superiority of the Catholic priests over their Protestant brethren is the result of long and careful training of memory, of attitude and gesture, and of the sense of beauty, order and symmetry. The Jesuits, who in the matter of instructing the youth, as in everything else, take the lead, soon conceived the happy idea of instituting dramatic performances for the combined

exercise of these faculties, and other orders, seeing the advantage of this system, soon followed their examples, so that at the present time theatricals form part of the study in every Catholic educational institution on either side of the Atlantic. That these ecclesiastical actors do their part well is exactly what we should expect, for, be it said to their praise, whatever the Jesuits undertake they do it well. Though hated everywhere, I shall always stand up for the Jesuits, for they are the most learned as well as the most honorable order of the church, and as educators of youth they certainly carry off the palm in every country where they have got a foothold. This is an incontrovertible historical fact which no one can deny. The dramatic exercises in the cloister theater at Monza were very tame. They were conducted by one Don Guiseppe Fumagalli, assisted by two other fellows, neither of whom had any histrionic talent. The three of them had formerly been students in this same institution, but were now priests and teachers to the younger boys.

I was present at a few of their rehearsals, but to one who had himself been an actor their monotonous declamations, as they stood there shivering with cold, could not but seem puerile. My readers may wonder what were the plays produced, and I shall at once proceed to enlighten them. Father Gobio, whom I have previously mentioned, labored under the unfortunate delusion that he was an author. Besides having written a number of books which no one cared to read, he also wrote a number of pastorals, a sort of modern renaissance of the mediæval *mysteries*. Father Gobio's pastorals were, however, nothing but a miserable burlesque on those unsuccessful but well-meant attempts to build up a dramatic school on the ruins of classic art. In the "*Macabees*," the title of one of the best of the plays produced, the historical theme is so charming that even Father Gobio's poesy could not destroy its power to fascinate. Sprightly farces of non-Barnabitic origin were occasionally played, such as "*The Two Cobblers*," "*Duleicamora*," "*The Savoyards*," etc., and these the boys performed with life and energy, to which the lively music lent zest.

We foreigners were never invited to take part in these pastorals, except Anton Svenson, whose brilliant tenor voice was occasionally required.

But let us leave Don Guiseppe Fumagalli and the boys to attend to their dramatic rehearsals and return to our cold and damp room with its

fireless fireplace, for which more fuel has yet to be purloined. This industry we now went at with such energy and zeal that we finally had wood enough to keep up a respectable fire for a couple of days, and our prospects for a "*Merry Christmas*" were indeed encouraging. A certain amount of cheerfulness diffused itself among us which our gloomy surroundings could not quell.

TWO FRIENDS.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF A. KJELLAND.

TRANSLATED BY LAIRS SUNDT.

PART I.

No one could understand whence his money came; but he who was most surprised at the fast and extravagant life led by Alphonso was his former friend and partner.

Since they had dissolved partnership most of their best customers and connections had come, by degrees, to patronize Charles. It was not because the latter tried to interfere in any way with the business of his former partner—on the contrary, it was simply on account of the fact that Charles was the abler of the two. When Alphonso was forced to depend upon himself it soon became evident to those watching him that in spite of his smartness, his amiability and winning ways, he was not capable of managing a business of his own.

And there was one who watched him closely. Charles followed him step by step with his keen eye; every error, extravagance, loss—he knew every trifle, and wondered how Alphonso could keep above water as long as he did.

They had grown up together. Their mothers were cousins, and the families lived near each other in the same street, which, in a city like Paris, is as likely to bring about intimate association as relationship would be. They also attended the same school.

They were inseparable during their boyhood. Notwithstanding their different dispositions they tolerated each other's faults, until at last their characters fitted together like the pieces of a dissected picture.

And there really existed between them such an intimate feeling as is rarely to be found among young people, for they did not look upon friendship as an obligation upon the one to tolerate everything of the other; on the contrary, they

seemed to make it a point to be amiable and considerate toward each other.

Even if Alphonso, however, showed toward Charles any degree of respect he was himself quite unconscious of it, and if any one had mentioned it to him he would no doubt have laughed heartily at such a poor compliment.

For just as life as a whole appeared to him easy and straightforward, so it never occurred to him to constrain himself in any way in the presence of his friend.

That Charles should be his best friend was quite as natural to him as the fact that of the two he was the better dancer, the better rider and the more expert with his gun; and that the world altogether seemed to be arranged in the best manner possible for him.

Alphonso was one of the most spoiled of "*lucky children*"; he came to everything without exertion; life fitted him as an elegant dress, and he wore it with such an easy grace that no one ever thought of being jealous of him.

And then he was good-looking. He was tall and slender, with brown hair and large open eyes; his face was clean and smooth, and when he laughed he showed his shining teeth. He was well aware that he was handsome, but having been caressed and indulged from his earliest years his vanity had become of a jolly, good-natured kind, which had nothing at all offensive about it.

He was very much attached to his friend; occasionally he might amuse himself and others by jesting and making fun with him, but he knew Charles' face so well that he quickly noticed when he had gone too far, and would return to his usual good-natured chat, and make the grave and quiet Charles laugh till he was half dead.

From their earliest boyhood Charles had adored Alphonso. Small and insignificant, quiet and reserved, the brilliant qualities of his friend threw a light upon himself and gave a certain zest to his life.

His mother would often say, "This friendship of the boys is true luck for my poor Charles. Without it he would become quite melancholy."

Charles rejoiced on all occasions when Alphonso was preferred: he was proud of his friend. He wrote his exercises, prompted him at their examinations, pleaded his cause with the teachers, and fought for him with the boys.

At the mercantile academy it was the same thing. Charles worked for Alphonso, and Alphonso repaid him with his inexhaustible amiability and unfailing good humor.

Later on, when they both, as young men, were employed in the same banking house, it one day happened that their employer said to Charles, "After the first of May I will raise your salary."

"I thank you," said Charles, "for myself, as well as for my friend."

"Monsieur Alphonso's salary remains the same," responded their employer, continuing his writing.

Charles could never forget that morning. It was the first time he had ever been preferred before his friend, and it was in regard to mercantile ability, which he, as a young business man, put before everything else, that he received this mark of distinction, and it was the head of the firm, the great banker, who personally showed his appreciation of his services.

What he felt was so strange to him that he thought it was almost an injustice to his friend. He did not tell Alphonso anything about this event, but proposed that they should apply for two vacancies in the "*Credit Lyonnais*."

Alphonso agreed at once, for he loved change, and the magnificent new banking establishment on the boulevard was far more attractive to him than the dark offices in the rue Bergère.

Accordingly, on the first of May, they removed to "*Credit Lyonnais*," but when they went into the office to take leave of their former employer, the old banker said to Charles, in a low voice, Alphonso having already gone out (Alphonso was always the first to enter and to leave), "It will never do for a business man to be sentimental."

From this day Charles was changed. He not only labored diligently and conscientiously, as before, but he developed so much energy and such an astonishing appetite for work that he soon attracted the attention of his superiors. That he was superior to his friend in business ability was soon perceived; but he passed through an inward struggle every time he received a new proof of appreciation. For some time every advancement was accompanied by a sting of conscience, yet he still worked on with unabated zeal.

One day Alphonso said to him, in his usual open-hearted way, "You certainly are clever, Charles! You are outstripping young and old—not to mention myself. I am quite proud of you."

Charles felt ashamed. He had fancied that Alphonso would be hurt at finding himself neglected, and now he understood that his friend not only conceded to him the preference but was even proud of him.

By degrees he regained his usual frame of mind, and his steady work was always more and more appreciated.

But if he really were the superior of the two how was it that he was so entirely overlooked in life, while Alphonso remained a favorite with everybody? Even those promotions and evidences of appreciation which he acquired by persevering labor were tendered him in a dry, business-like manner, while all, from the directors to the messenger boys, had a kind word or a cheerful greeting for Alphonso.

In the different offices and departments of the bank the clerks were always scheming to get possession of Alphonso, for there always came a flash of life and spirit with his handsome person and happy humor. On the other hand, Charles had often noticed that his colleagues looked upon him as a dry fellow, who thought only of himself and the business.

And yet he had a heart, a sensitive heart (more sensitive than most), but he had not the faculty of giving expression to his feelings.

Charles was one of those small, dark Frenchmen, whose beard begins to grow just below the eyes; his complexion was sallow, and his hair coarse and bristly. His eyes did not enlarge when he was happy and animated, but they lightened and gleamed. When he laughed the corners of his mouth moved upward, and many a time, when his heart was filled with joy and happiness, he had seen people shrink back, half frightened by his repulsive appearance. The only one who knew him so well that he did not seem to notice his ugliness was Alphonso; every one else misunderstood him; he grew suspicious, and became gradually more and more reserved.

At last this idea arose in his mind, and increased in a slow crescendo: Should he never obtain what he so much needed, a kind and cordial companion, and a friendship that would answer to the warm feelings he hid within his own bosom? Why should all the world smile on Alphonso and greet him with open hands, while he was met with formal bows and cool glances?

Alphonso was not aware of all this. He was healthy and happy, fascinated with life, and satisfied with his business. He had been placed in one of the easiest and most entertaining departments, and, thanks to his clever wit and talent for dealing with people, he filled his position admirably.

He had a number of friends, his acquaintance was generally valued, and he was adored by the ladies as well as by men.

For awhile Charles frequented the society that welcomed Alphonso, but he soon conceived the idea that he was invited only for the sake of his friend, and quietly withdrew from it.

At one time Charles suggested that they should establish a business of their own, but Alphonso replied, "You are too kind to think of me. You could easily find a partner of greater ability."

Charles had thought that changed relations and closer coöperation would draw Alphonso out of the circle which he could no more tolerate and bind them more closely together. He had a vague apprehension of losing his friend. He did not himself know, nor was it easy to decide, whether he were jealous of all the people who gathered around Alphonso, or envious of his more fortunate friend.

They started their business, were cautious and energetic, and were successful.

It was the general opinion that they supplemented each other in a very happy manner, Charles representing the solid, trustworthy element, while the handsome and elegant Alphonso lent to the young firm a certain brilliancy which was not without its value.

Any one who entered the office could not but notice his stately figure, and as a matter of course all applied to him.

Charles bent over his work and let Alphonso be spokesman. When the latter referred to him he answered shortly and quietly, without raising his head. Therefore the majority believed that Alphonso was the head of the firm and Charles a confidential and highly-trusted clerk.

As Frenchmen they did not think of marrying, but as young Parisians they led a life in which love played a great rôle.

Alphonso was really most in his element when in the company of ladies. Then his joyful, amiable disposition showed to the best advantage, and often, when at supper he leaned back in his chair, holding out his champagne glass to the servant, he looked as beautiful as a happy god.

He had a neck of the kind women love to embrace, and his soft, half-curved hair looked as if it had been negligently arranged or carefully disarranged by a coquettish woman's hand. And many a soft, white hand had reached his curls—for he not only possessed the power of exciting affection, but he had also the rare grace of being forgiven for it.

When the friends were out together at gay evening parties Alphonso never paid much attention to Charles. He did not keep account of his

own love affairs, and still less of those of his friend. Thus it might happen once in a while that a beauty who had attracted Charles fell into the hands of Alphonso.

Charles was used to see his friend favored in life, but there are some things which it is hard for a man to become accustomed to. He seldom went to Alphonso's supper-parties, and when he did it was always some time before the wine and the general gaiety had the effect of raising his spirits. But then, when exhilarated by the champagne and the intoxicating glances of the bright eyes about him, he became the wildest of all; he would sing at the top of his voice, laugh and gesticulate till his coarse, black hair fell down over his forehead, and the gay damsels fled in affright from him they called the chimney-weep.

Walking up and down, the sentry in a besieged fortress may hear at times in the quiet night a strange sound, as if something was stirring beneath his feet. The enemy has undermined the outer-works, and to-night or to-morrow night will come a dull report, and armed men will march in through the breach. If Charles had kept closer watch of himself he would have felt strange thoughts stir in his soul. But he would not hear, he had but a vague presentiment that an explosion was at hand. And one day it came. It was after business hours, the clerks had gone, but the heads of the firm were still there. Charles was busily engaged in writing a letter, which he wanted to finish before he left. Alphonso had put on and buttoned his gloves, then he had brushed his already shining hat, and now he was walking up and down the floor, glancing at Charles' letter every time he passed the desk.

Every day they spent an hour or so before dinner in a restaurant on the great boulevard, and Alphonso was longing for his papers.

"Will you never get through with that letter?" said he, a little crossly.

Charles was silent for a moment, then he sprang to his feet in such haste as to knock over his chair. "Perhaps Alphonso imagines that he can do it better! Did he not know who was really the abler of the two in business matters?" And his words rushed out with the incredible rapidity of the French language when used in great passion.

But it was a muddy stream. It carried along with it many bitter words, reproaches and accusations, and through the whole ran an undercurrent of subdued sobbing.

Running up and down the floor, his hands clinched and his hair in disorder, Charles was like a little ragged terrier barking at an Italian grayhound. At last he seized his hat and hurried out.

Alphonso had been looking at him with great, astonished eyes. When he was gone, and it became quiet in the room, it seemed as if the very air was thrilling with vehement words. They came out one by one before Alphonso, as he stood immovable at his desk.

"Did he not know which was the abler?" Yes, indeed! When had he ever denied that Charles was far superior to him?

"He need not think that he would succeed in seizing upon everything by help of his smooth face." Alphonso was not aware that he had ever bereft his friend of anything.

"I don't care for your coquettes!" Charles had exclaimed. Could he really have felt an interest in the little Spanish danseuse? Why, if Alphonso had had the faintest idea of it he would certainly not have looked at her. But that ought not to drive him so mad; there are plenty of women in Paris.

And the final words, "I wish our partnership to be dissolved to-morrow."

Alphonso failed to see what was the trouble. He left the office and walked, still wondering, through the streets until he met with a friend. Then his thoughts were diverted into other channels; but all the rest of the day he felt as if some horrible nightmare were lying in wait for him, ready to seize upon him so soon as he should be alone.

Coming home late at night he found a letter from Charles. He opened it in haste, but instead of the apology he had expected to find, it contained merely a formal request to Monsieur Alphonso to meet the writer in the office early next morning, "in order that the dissolution of partnership might be arranged as soon as possible."

It only now began to dawn upon Alphonso that the scene in the office had been something more than a passing outburst of passion, but the affair had become still more inexplicable.

And the more he pondered over it the greater appeared to him the injustice Charles had done him. Never in his life had he been angry with his friend, and he did not feel so even now.

However, by dint of repeating to himself all the insults Charles had heaped upon him, he hardened his good-natured heart against him,

and the next morning took his seat in silence after a chilly "good-morning."

Although he had come half an hour earlier than usual he could easily see that Charles had already been at work for some time. Sitting opposite each other at the desk they exchanged only the most necessary words; once in a while a paper passed from hand to hand, but they never looked in each other's eyes.

Thus they both worked—the one harder than the other—till twelve o'clock, their usual hour for lunch.

This was always a pleasant time for both; their lunch was served in the office, and the very moment that the old woman who waited on them announced the *dejeuné* was ready they rose at once, though they might be in the midst of a sentence or a calculation.

They would eat standing beside the fire-place or walking about the office. Generally Alphonso had some piquant little stories to relate, and Charles laughed gaily—those were his happiest hours.

But to-day, when madame said in her pleasant way, "Messieurs, lunch is served," they both remained seated. She was very much astonished, and repeated the words as she went out; but nobody moved.

At last Alphonso began to feel hungry; he went to the table, poured out a glass of wine and commenced to eat a cutlet, but while he stood there eating, and looking round that dear office, in which they had spent so many happy hours, and realized that they were about to give up all this and make a poor life of it for a whim, a sudden transport of rage, the whole affair appeared to him so absurd that he laughed aloud.

"Look here, Charlie," he exclaimed, in that half earnest, half jesting tone which had always made Charles laugh, "to tell the truth, it will be strange to advertise: 'By friendly agreement the co-partnership of—'"

"I have been thinking," interrupted Charles, quietly, "that we will say, 'by mutual consent.'"

Alphonso did not laugh any more; he set his glass down on the table and the cutlet tasted bitter in his mouth.

He understood that friendship between them was dead; how or why was not clear to him, but he thought Charles was unjust; and he grew still more cool and reserved than his partner.

They worked together till their partnership was dissolved, and then they parted.

[To be continued in the December number.]

ICELANDIC NOTES.

There is lying before us a complete series of Icelandic newspapers, extending from the middle of March to the close of the month of September. All these "Thjodolfs" and "Isafolds" of Reykjavik convey, indeed, a rather discouraging picture of many local evils, that actually seem to have become an epidemic and normal affliction. To begin with the climatic condition, we read chilling descriptions of a cold, cheerless, stormy spring, followed by a summer that only deserves to be qualified as scarcely "a green winter."

Our attention in the first place is called to the deplorable fact that Iceland is unfortunately still laboring under the sad consequences of her recent "famine-years." The royal message to the Althing, of May 22, attributed the present financial and economic difficulties to this supreme, but apparently long-protracted cause; and as one of the most promising and effectual remedies the message proposed the immediate foundation of a national bank—"landsbanki"—which was promptly adopted this summer by the Althing of Iceland. Yet the grant of a loan of 20,000 kroner which the Landshöfding, or Governor of Iceland, was obliged, late in the month of June, to grant to the southwestern counties of Gullbringa and Kjös, is a manifest proof of the urgent public needs of these rather populous southwestern districts of Iceland. The actual economic situation in the other "sýslur" all round the coasts of the island does not either seem materially different from this. The prevailing scarcity of hay during last spring, and the failure of the hay harvest during the late cold summer has compelled the farmers nearly everywhere to limit the number of their live-stock for the coming winter. On the other hand, the successful cod-fishery at different points forms the only bright economic feature. In this respect it is satisfactory to remark that the Icelanders seem finally to have decided to radically change their obsolete method of fishing for cod, herring and shark in small open boats. They have very considerably increased the number of their covered fishing smacks, and the results have proved highly encouraging. Still—as this spring it was shown by the severe hurricanes, and by the snow-slides at "Seydisfjord," with their attendant loss of human life, and of property to the value of many thousand kroner—it is safe to maintain that both on land and sea the uncontrollable, treacherous elements are only at intermittent, uncertain intervals favorable to the inhabitants of Iceland.

In the midst of all this social and economic distress it is positively a matter of surprise that the home politics of Iceland should at this very moment present a *vider* Scandinavian interest. In the last sitting of this summer's "Althing" both the upper and the lower division have passed the proposal for the revision of the late Icelandic constitution. The bill was introduced in the lower house by Benedict Sveinsson, and of the twenty-four members eighteen voted for and only five opposed the bill; while in the upper division the bill was passed with seven votes against only one. It is well known in Scandinavian circles how the late chief of the Icelandic department, Oddgeir Stephensen, had long been very unpopular with his Icelandic countrymen for his one-sided and illiberal interpretation of the constitution of 1873. At Reykjavik the agitation against him for the last decade had incessantly and

vigorously been kept up by the editors of the "Isafold" and "Thjodolf" newspapers, and the passage of the bill of revision was the crowning result of these combined efforts. Old Iceland, accordingly, in a political sense, must be considered as "a new starter." In substance this proposed revision is a genuine expression of the wishes of the late Jon Sigurdsson for a personal union between Denmark and Iceland. It implies that Iceland in the future should be governed by a "landshöfðing" through three ministers responsible to the former as well as to the Icelandic Althing; and of course it also implies the solution of the present, and the convocation of a newly-elected, Althing. We sincerely wish to the Icelandic people a satisfactory solution of the interesting present problem. But, on the other hand, it appears more than certain that this extreme programme of the Icelandic Althing will meet with the unanimous opposition of all political parties at Copenhagen; and that at the most fortunate calculation the proposed revision of the Icelandic constitution will be subjected to many external, purely Danish, modifications and counter-proposals. Although possibly within a few hundred years there may only be left one solitary sheep farm in each Icelandic valley, still at the present time there certainly exists an aspiring social and intellectual life in Iceland. The newspapers describe a considerable amount of active work in behalf of general public instruction, and they also contain a great deal more of animated polemics in the cause of projected higher educational institutions. Besides the Reykjavik college, Iceland now possesses several farmers' colleges (Búnadar skolar), and several higher educational institutions for young Icelandic maidens. It is also to be hoped that shortly the "Icelandic Institution" or "Landsskóli" with its several faculties will be in full working order, and that, notwithstanding its modest name, it will perform the real functions of a national university.

The number of pecuniary grants of the Althing to local societies, institutions, and to individuals, engaged in different scientific pursuits, is highly creditable to the spirit of the nation. Among these grants we may mention one of 1,000 kroner a year to the Icelandic geologist and mineralogist Thorvald Thoroddsen, for geological researches in Iceland. This same young Icelandic scientist during last spring traveled through Switzerland and northern and middle Italy. His descriptive letters to the Icelandic papers—while written in a racy, yet somewhat strained language—evinced a rather keen faculty for detailed observation; but his general remarks are of a singularly contracted nature; they would lead us to think that the training in the historical sciences, in philology, history and ethnology imparted at the Reykjavik "Latin School" can hardly be of a very high order.

In conclusion we shall venture to mention, that on the 2d of August at Reykjavik there was unveiled a plain monument—an obelisk of Icelandic stone, 14 "alen," or yards, high, and surmounted by a bronze harp—to the memory of the renowned Icelandic psalmist, *Hallgrímur Pétursson* (1614 to 1674). The following touching inscription is from the poet's own 25th Psalm: "*Fyrir blóð lambins b'ida, Búinn er nú að stríða, Og scalan sigur vann.*" Reykjavik thus, besides this monument, the Thorvaldsen statue and the Jon Sigurdsson memorial, also now possesses a young museum, and the nucleus of a picture gallery that recently has been begun with a dozen of tolerably good

foreign paintings—the works and generous gifts of several distinguished foreigners. Let us hope that the actual national tendency is really "to be," and not only "to seem": for the former was indeed the admirable trait of the old Icelanders of the Saga time. A. H. GUNLOGSEN.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE excellent Finnish actress, Miss Ida Aalberg, has been playing recently in Copenhagen.

REV. SKAAR has received a majority of the votes cast for Bishop of Tromsø, and will probably be appointed by the king.

AN expected religious political journal, "Vårt Land," has been issued at Stockholm. Its editor is Professor Torelius.

HENRIK BOHR, a lieutenant in the Danish army, has been made director-general of telegraphs by the Chinese government.

COUNT G. F. SNOILSKY, a cousin of the poet, is expected to succeed Count Ehrensvärd as "Landshöfðing" at Gothenburg.

THE Commercial Association of Sweden recommends the reduction of the customary credit to the period of three months.

THE gospel of St. John, translated into Congoese, by the Swedish missionary Verslind, is the first book printed in that language.

THE present Finnish senate is a cabinet of coalition, and as such, is thought well fitted to represent the different parties in the Finnish estates as well as the will of the emperor.

FR. BÄTZMANN, the well known Norwegian publicist, reported as the Swedish-Norwegian representative at the Congress which met in September at Berlin to provide for a union for maintaining literary and artistic rights.

CHRISTINE NILSSON has continued her triumphal tour through the Scandinavian countries. The Swedish singer, Theodor Björkstén, will accompany her, instead of going on a tour with Alexander Bull, the son of Ole Bull.

COUNT EHRENSVÄRD, the recently appointed minister of foreign affairs, Archbishop Sundberg, Messrs. v. Essen, v. Cramer and Montgomery Cederhjelm are among the recently elected members of the Swedish First Chamber.

AT the recent elections in Norway the relation between the two parties has not been changed. The clerical radical, Rev. Lars Oftedal, has been defeated, together with two of his most intimate friends, Niels Melhus and Ole Vallan.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON explains in a letter that the Danish party of the Right is German in its ways: bureaucratic, given to petty prosecutions, with an official clergy bowing to the power, a tendency to militarism, etc.

BISHOP LANDGREN, at a lecture at Östersund, lately, advised young men to dedicate themselves to the church. There is a lack of clergymen in Sweden, and several of those actually appointed have not passed the necessary examinations.

A NUMBER of experiments with the new under-sea boat invented by the Swedish Captain Nordefelt demonstrate

it to be a success, and his friends announce that an entire revolution in the present system of maritime defense will result from it.

ALEXANDER KJELLAND, to whom the proposed "poet's salary" was refused by the majority in the last Storting, under the leadership of Rev. Lars Oftedal, has lately received a donation of 4,000 crowns, the proceeds of a private subscription.

COUNT ERIC SPARRE, the well known "Riksdagsman" and "Landshöfding" at Wenersborg, goes as the official representative of Sweden to a congress at Buda-Pesth, the object of which is to examine into the recent economic competition from the transoceanic countries.

BARON O. D. ROSENÖRN-LEHN, the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, is expected to retire by reason of failing health. C. St. A. Bille, late Danish minister to Washington, is mentioned as his successor. It is, however, unlikely that Mr. Bille agrees with the interior policy of the present Danish cabinet.

THE budget for 1885-1886, introduced by Mr. Estrup in the Danish Folkething, proposes an expenditure of 20,000,000 crowns, or 40 per cent more than what was voted by the Thing last year, especially 5,000,000 for beginning of fortification of Copenhagen. Its acceptance by the Folkething is out of the question.

HENRIK IBSEN was offered a torchlight ovation by the Students' Society of Christiania, but refused, because he does not sympathize with the conservative direction of the organization, of which Professor Dietrichson is president. In Copenhagen, Ibsen was the guest of the Liberal Students Association, where, amongst others, George Brandes spoke for him.

AN association has been formed in Helsingfors with the object of supporting ladies who aspire not only to academical work, but also to industrial education, and subscriptions are coming in from all parts of the country. An ordinance of 1879 gives the women the same right as men to partake in trade, industrial enterprises, etc., except as druggists.

THE number of schools for women supported by the government of Finland is increasing. They provide for a seven-years course with a supplementary two-years course for teachers. The first, established in 1872, has been followed by six others. Still, the respective expenses of the government is largely out of proportion. Last year 1,227,957 crowns were expended for the education of boys, and only 242,096 for girls.

THE commercial navy of Sweden during the period from 1880 to 1885 was reduced from 542,000 to 506,000 registered tons, of the vessels composing which 2,300 were sailing vessels, with 330,000 tons, and 680 were steamers, with 117,000 tons, with an estimated value of 39,000,000 crowns for the sailing vessels and 59,000,000 crowns for the steamers. As in other countries, the present profits are unremunerative.

THE Danish expedition under Lieut. Holm, along the coast of East Greenland has finally returned. The explorers did not find any traces of the old Northerners. They found the natives taller and finer-looking than on the Western coast, some even light-haired. Still they do not think this is due to any infusion of Scandinavian blood from olden

times. A detailed report of the scientific result of the expedition will of course be published.

THE *Morgenblad*, of Copenhagen, contains a biography of Professor R. B. Anderson, laying special stress on the difference between this self made and literary-educated American compared with the usual class of diplomats. Prof. Anderson has recently, in a Danish Linguistic Society, delivered a lecture with great approval, on the "Niebelungenlied," specially mentioning the great interest at present taken in the *epos* in the United States.

SOPHUS TROMHOLT'S "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis in the Land of the Lapps and Kvän's," is an interesting book, overflowing with vivid descriptions and spirited sketches. But although it contains much of interest with reference to the author's researches on the aurora borealis, still its general character makes it essentially a book of travel, and its scientific contents are of less importance than it might fairly be expected from so distinguished a savant as its author.

AMONG the members recently elected to the Upper House in Sweden are: From Gothenburg, Dr Johan Leffer; from Christianstad Län, S. A. Hedlund, the editor, and Count Adolf Barnekow, formerly attaché and consul at Rome; from Halland, "Justitieombudsman" (a kind of public comptroller of the courts particular to Sweden) Lothigius; from Blekingen, L. A. Smith, the so called brandy-king; from Jämtland, Dr. Grenholm, a well known prohibitionist.

GLADSTONE writes to his pilot on his recent cruise along the coast of Norway, Mr. Hans Jacobsen: "Were it not for the unruly North Sea between, I believe we should all come and invade you, as your forefathers visited us a thousand years ago, and, happily, left a goodly number of themselves behind to put their blood into our veins. I do not know whether in any foreign land I ever felt so much at home as in Norway. But what touched and pleased me most of all was the universal kindness of the people and their interest in our progress. Pray make known in any way you can that I shall never forget them and *Gamle Norge*. God bless them!"

PROF. BUGGE tried in 1879 to demonstrate that the old Northern myths are of Christian and Greek-Roman origin, and that the motives were obtained in Ireland and Brittany in the eighth century. According to Dr. Bang, *Völuspá* might have been derived from the Roman story of *Sibylla*. Recently Victor Rydberg has shown that they were not known in Ireland. Bugge can merely quote from Wales "Historia Regum Britannica" Gotfrid of Monmouth (of 1135). Rydberg admits that Merlin's prophecy is derived from Lucanus *Pharsalia*. Karl Müllenhof, the German author, agrees with Rydberg that *Völuspá* originated in Norway in the ninth century.

THE Finnish Ladies' Union for the promotion of women's rights demands admission to the university on a par with men; a revision of the "antiquated" marriage laws; and, last but not least, political rights. Several petitions to the Landtdag on these questions have been without result. The clergy has, as a unit, put their veto against the first, alleging it to be in opposition to God's laws. The permission to study at the university has been given, but always in special cases. Finland had a lady

student as early as 1870, and later even a doctor of philosophy and a physician. There is a sympathy even in the Landtdag with the third claim. The Finnish lady taxpayers vote at the elections of the aldermen, and have the right to vote in the commune.

RECENT deaths: In Sweden, Prof. Hjalmar Holmgren; Rev. Jonas Widen, as a student one of the most renowned singers of Upsala; Director Hjalmar Kylberg, the excellent agronomer; Rev. G. L. Sparrmann, the free-church man; C. G. Starbäck, the excellent novelist; at Cape, C. G. Åkerberg, Consul-General of Sweden-Norway. In Norway, Lieut.-Col. Count E. C. Trampe, one of the few remaining noblemen of the country. In Denmark, Baron Holsten, late governor (Stiftamtmand) of Lolland-Falster; Ludvig Bing, a young manufacturer of Copenhagen of liberal political views; Edw. Thune, a prominent merchant, once member of the Rigsdag, director of the Board of Trade of Copenhagen, etc.; Rev. Mau, a well-known popular author. At Rome, the Finnish sculptor Johannes Takanen.

MR. JOHN VOLK, well known to the readers of SCANDINAVIA, and one of the most popular Danes in New York, finished, last winter, a play, "The Ring," and has a fair prospect of seeing it produced on the stage this winter. The plan has been partially adopted from Erik Bögh's "Kalifen paa Eventyr," but the materials have been thoroughly localized, and all the fun and satire of the play relate exclusively to American life. This mass of rather heavy realism is lifted up into a sphere of airy and romantic humor, partly by the phantastic plan, but more especially by a lavish application of music. Mr. Volk is a born song-writer. His verse is living; his phrase has point and feeling; he understands the secret of so blending words and music together that, in effect, nobody can tell exactly what is what, and, being something of an actor—something more than a good amateur—his songs have always a strongly pronounced dramatic character. The melodies used in "The Ring" are all of Scandinavian origin, and principally on that circumstance the author rests his confidence of success. It will, at all events, be very interesting to see what impression a compact mass of Scandinavian music will make on an American audience. The Americans love music, more especially, they love a good song. French melodies have been much admired here, but rarely adopted. English melodies have been widely adopted here, but not much admired. It is certainly possible to make a hit at this point, and we hope Mr. Volk has found the hammer.

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